

Legends of Life



*Let us forget the wrong
And grief that life must bring—
The world is full of song
And hope and happening!*



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LEGENDS OF LIFE AND OTHER POEMS

By

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To Memories

WANDERER'S NACHTLIED

DER du von dem Himmel bist,
Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillest,
Den, der doppelt elend ist,
Doppelt mit Erquickung füllest,
Ach, ich bin des Treibens müde!
Was soll all' der Schmerz und Lust?
Süsser Friede,
Komm, ach, komm in meine Brust!
Goethe.

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG

*Thou, who art of heaven born,
All earth's pain and sorrow healest,
Him, whose heart is hurt and torn,
Deepest with sweet rest thou fillest,
Ah, I pray for death's release!
What is life and what its goal?
Blessèd peace,
Come, ah, come into my soul!*

Contents

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| SPRING SONGS | |
| Spring Song | 1 |
| March, the Desolate | 2 |
| March, the Promise | 3 |
| Resurrection | 4 |
| The Miracle of Miracles | 5 |
| April | 6 |
| Rain In April | 6 |
| April Day | 7 |
| Starlight | 8 |
| Night Spearing in Spring | 9 |
| Apple Blossoms | 10 |
| SUMMER PICTURES | |
| The Passing of Spring | 13 |
| To Aurora | 14 |
| “The Flowers Appear on the Earth” | 14 |
| Flower Souls | 15 |
| Nightfall in my Garden | 16 |
| Midsummer Days | 17 |
| Midsummer Evening | 18 |
| To a Dying Humming Bird | 19 |
| The Screech Owl | 20 |
| AUTUMN SONGS | |
| September in Vermont | 23 |
| Autumn on Lake Champlain | 24 |
| Autumn Dawning not Death, but Life | 25 |

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| October Lights | 26 |
| To a Fallen Oak | 27 |
| Song of the Autumn Leaves | 28 |
| Fulfillment | 29 |
| WINTER TRAILS | |
| When the Waters Freeze | 33 |
| Under the Pines and the Stars | 34 |
| Storm and Firelight | 35 |
| Winter Dusk in the Marsh | 37 |
| My Garden in February | 38 |
| The Frost Storm | 39 |
| Mid Winter Night, Iridescent | 40 |
| LOVE SONGS | |
| “Love is Strong as Death” | 43 |
| Alone | 44 |
| Longing | 45 |
| Together | 46 |
| Waiting | 47 |
| Ecstasy | 48 |
| My Love is Like a Caged Bird | 49 |
| Thou art the Sunset Gold | 51 |
| LEGENDS OF LIFE | |
| Quatrains | |
| Consolation, Unafraid, Confession, My Valentine | 55 |
| To the Days that are Gray | 56 |
| Sunset | 57 |
| Sunrise | 58 |
| “They will not Lend me a Child” | 59 |
| Legend of the Mother Unconsoled | 60 |
| Prayer | 61 |

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|---------------------------------|------|
| After the Play | . 62 |
| Happiness | . 63 |
| Invocation | . 63 |
| Freedom | . 64 |
| How can it Be | . 65 |
| War | . 66 |
| SONNETS | |
| Twilight | . 70 |
| “And There Was Light” | . 71 |
| Victory | . 72 |

SPRING SONGS

SPRING SONG

Down in the hollow,
By the old orchard wall,
There's a brook purling swift,
Where the cat-tails are tall.

There grow willows gray,
And swamp maples red,
And cowslips pale gold
In the brook's old bed.

There's a smell in the wind,
There's a sound in the air;
Oh, winter is gone!
Oh — spring is here!

MARCH, THE DESOLATE

THE sky is lead,
The wild wind moans,
The trees are dead,
The shore ice groans.

In frosty lace,
The snow melts away,
The whole earth's face
Is dun and gray.

SPRING SONGS

MARCH, THE PROMISE

A BIT of blue
Appears in the sky,
The voice of a crow
I hear on high.

The sweet sap runs
From a maple tree,
A crocus comes
And a bumblebee.

Low, soft twitt'ring
Is in the air,
The promise of spring
Is everywhere!

RESURRECTION

LIFE is waking in the byways,
And the earth stirs in its sleep,
Though the fields are brown and dreary,
I can hear the rapture deep.

There is red in maple bushes,
And dull gold in willows bare,
Gray green poplars, bluish birches,
Blackbird-flutes are everywhere.

Far up in the radiant heavens
Geese are flying toward the north,
And at night the moon of April
Hearkens to a waking earth.

THE MIRACLE OF MIRACLES

ALL the world is gray and green,
April winds are blowing,
Elms are weaving silvery veils,
Maple trees are glowing.

Little pussies, gray and soft,
Willow shrubs are twining,
Brooks are flowing ev'rywhere,
Snowbanks undermining.

Tiny, green things all about,
From the brown earth springing,
Make the air so wondrous sweet;
Birds are gaily singing.

Songs of love and tender cheer,
Greet the earth's awaking;
Would I too were young again,
Grief for joy forsaking!

Ah, life is not made that way,
Fate is not our choosing,
And perhaps 'tis better so,
Hope and faith not losing.

APRIL

I HEARD a robin,
To-day, to-day,
And a blackbird's
Flute, so gay, so gay.

Now April is come,
At last, at last.
Winter is gone
And black grief is past.

RAIN IN APRIL

MELLOW rain is threading silver into misty day,
And the greening meadows shimmer, soft and
gray. —

Bursting leaf buds, velvet-lipped, on twigs and
branches swing,
In their hearts, the web and woof for the or-
chards' blossoming.

SPRING SONGS

APRIL DAY

THIS morning the sunshine was warm and sweet,
It called out birds and bees,
And many tiny flowerets
Turned up wistful faces to please.

And now the north wind is bleak and cold,
The sky is somber gray;
Whereto have flown the winged folk?
Flow'rets have turned away.

Ah, me, so — like happiness —
Fair April's sunny gleams,
Sweet promise of awakening,
And its fulfillment — dreams!

STARLIGHT

My open casement lured me
On a wondrous night in May,
And behold, all the stars of Heaven
Were alight in the deep, blue bay.

The water was still, like the starlight,
Radiant, with silvery gleams —
Beyond, far beyond rose dim gray hills
That ever hold promise and dreams.

The fragrant peace of the midnight
Was mine, and memory wove
A mantle of dreams, exquisite fair
Of starlight and mystery and love.

NIGHT SPEARING IN SPRING

THE sun is set in a haze of gold,
And all the world is still,
Slowly the rising mists enfold
Rock and tree and hill.

The night wind song of the reeds is sweet,
As we float slowly between,
With rustle and swish, the tall reeds greet
Our boat, and over it lean.

Darkness has come, and the torch in the bow
Looms weird and strange and bright,
It holds up before us a world aglow,
In deep shadow, with glorious high light.

Ghostlike white birches with silver sheen,
Swamp maples with leaves of bronze,
Tall pines and cedars of deepest green,
And willows with drooping fronds.

And over it all the velvet night,
With the magic of myriad stars,
Reflected in murmuring water, bright
With molten silvery bars.

All life seems real in the soft May night,
And our fate a joyous thing. —
O wind, O wave, O starry light,
O trees, O love, O spring!

APPLE BLOSSOMS

WHEN the shadbush blows and columbine,
When at last the oaks are golden green,
And the glory of the spring is near its end —

Then the apple blossoms come.

Over old, gray fence rails, thorn trees lean pink,
Orchards are filled with snowdrifts of bloom,
Finches and orioles dart through the trees —

Singing to the golden sun!

SUMMER PICTURES

THE PASSING OF SPRING

Oh, the glory of awak'ning
To the music of the waters,
And the magic of soft color,
And the lines of lacy silver
In the branches of the leaf trees —
'Tis all past!

Oh, the greening of the meadows,
And the mating of the song birds,
And the first shy flower faces,
And the fern fronds tightly curling
In the pine woods by the water —
'Tis all past!

Gone, the fairest gift of nature,
Gone, the deathless resurrection!
And my heart is strangely stirrèd,
Strangely cold and melancholy,
On this wondrous summer morning —
Spring has passed!

TO AURORA

THINE is the shimmering hour!
Singing dawn unveiled, behold,
Purple fringed, with heart of gold,
Like a wondrous blooming thing
Filled with fragrance quivering,
Men call the passion flower.

“THE FLOWERS APPEAR ON THE
EARTH”

HARK, the wilding bells are ringing
Gay little peals for June.

Golden orioles are winging
To orchards sweet, abloom.

All the heart of me is singing
A lover's, lover's tune!

SUMMER PICTURES

FLOWER SOULS

FLOWERS are sentient things, I know,
They see and hear, they feel and glow.
Else, why would they close at eventide,
Or, starry eyed, with petals wide,
Greet westering sun and silver moon;
While some their chalice cups at noon
Hold high for humming birds to sip
The golden wine their warm lips drip.

NIGHTFALL IN MY GARDEN

IN the fragrant shadows
Flower faces ev'rywhere —
Beyond the garden wall
I can hear a reedy call —
Young Pan is lurking there.

Peace broods over all things
And mystery. Only dreams
Are real and the far hills,
Aglow with gold. Rest fills
My soul — eternal seems.

The sky grows darkly blue,
The evening star is bright —
The spirit of the winds
Comes sighing through the pines —
And from its wings falls night.

MIDSUMMER DAYS

No wings hath this leaden summer day,
Nor shimmer of blue and gold,
No passion of growth, nor joy of wind;
A world dead, like gray leaf mold!

The wings of the wind waft new mown hay
O'er ripening fields of gold,
And pine woods sweet and harebells blue,
And tasseling cornstalks bold!

MIDSUMMER EVENING

THE wind that blew from the north all day
Is stilled with the coming of night.

The cobalt hills in the faraway
Are rimmed with a golden light.

A young moon hangs in an opal sky,
Near the glittering evening star.

Two phœbes call from a tree nearby;
Hark, a screech owl's plaint from afar!

Fireflies glimmer the pines among,
And the new mown hay smells sweet and strong.

TO A DYING HUMMING BIRD

OH, thou tiny, quiv'ring creature,
Broken, weary of life's pain,
Let me hold thee, help thee bear it; —
Thou wilt never fly again.

Gauzy-wingèd, ruby-throatèd
Like a dewdrop in the sun,
All thy joyous humming ended; —
For to-night thy sand is run.

Nevermore in quest of honey
Dip in flow'rs thy fairy bill,
Thy bright eyes in death are filming; —
Ah, thy flutt'ring heart is still.

Under this pale yellow lily,
In the dying, red gold sun,
Deep in mothering earth I lay thee; —
Sleep in peace, thou tiny one!

THE SCREECH OWL

O STRANGE, shy bird, with eyes alight,
And name bedight
Of fear and pain.
Thou wakest at the fall of night
With stars and rain.

Thou fillest all the silent grove,
With mournful tale
Of life and love;
Or is it sin and death's dire wail,
The trees above?

What makes thy voice so sweet and weird,
Unhallowed bird?
When night thee brings,
With hearts unstrung, we are afeard
Of unknown things.

I've waited for thy tragic song,
With aching soul,
So oft and long —
Yet I would fain thy grief condole,
O bird of wrong!

AUTUMN SONGS

SEPTEMBER IN VERMONT

WHEN spiders weave their fairy webs,
And the air is filled with golden haze,
When schools of perch in the water play;
These are the late September days.

When fields of corn are tasseled out,
And squirrels hunt their winter stores,
When song of bird is rare and low;
These are the days of memories.

When insects fill the night with sound,
And the harvest moon is silver bright,
When beech and maples softly glow;
These are the days of opal light.

For winter is almost upon us,
With its snow and ice and gloom;
Thank God for these lovely autumn days
Of light and color and sun!

AUTUMN ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN

OCTOBER days are blue and gold,
Yet soft, with autumn haze,
The lake is like a mirror, still,
The hills are set ablaze.

White frost has stained the maples red,
And touched the elms with gold,
Has made the nut trees drop their fruit,
And turned the moonlight cold.

AUTUMN DAWNING
NOT DEATH, BUT LIFE

HARK! wild geese at break of day,
The sighing wind, the singing leaves,
Like birds of golden bronze in flight
That earth retrieves.

The dawning light has tawny bars,
In shimmering mists veiled as with spray,
Pricked out with feeble glimm'ring stars,
Behold the day!

The autumn day, eternal blue,
And lustrous with Etruscan gold,
Like wondrous paths the rainbow drew,
To lure the soul.

Why long for rainbows' golden dreams,
When radiant gold all round is rife?
Through autumn mists the sunshine gleams—
Not death, but life!

OCTOBER LIGHTS

It is the time of frosty nights
And days of glorious sun and sky,
When muskrats build their house of reeds
And flocks of geese and wild duck fly.

When misty clouds the lake obscure
And leaf trees paint a golden screen;
The wooded shores seem all aflame
Against the wall of evergreen.

The air is filled with homely smells
Of warm, brown earth the plow upturns,
When slowly, softly fall the leaves,
And ev'rywhere the brush wood burns.

TO A FALLEN OAK

Who knows what tiny furry thing
Once dropped an acorn here —
How many storm-stressed centuries
Since thou hast greened each year?

Thy mighty branches lured the sun
From grass and forest tree,
And so, god-like, thou stood'st apart
In lonely majesty.

And now the storm has laid thee low,
All jade and bronze and gold,
And never will thy leaves again
The dappled sunlight hold.

I pray that some day thou may'st yield
New love-light from the hearth; —
God never made a finer thing
To be returned to earth!

SONG OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES

THE leaf trees are dressed in their autumn garb
Of lustre and bronze and gold,
Midst the emerald of cedars and pines
Bright glories they slowly unfold.

Is there in all the world music more rare
Than leaves falling softly to earth?
With low, minor swish and faintly sweet smell
They swirl from the tree of their birth.

Oh, the oaks and elms and birches
The maples and beeches and ash,
Yes, and the shagbarks glow amber,
In nature's great autumn gouache.

The oaks are bronze and last to turn,
All the elms and birches are gold,
The beeches and ash are a coppery red,
But maples have glories untold.

Like northern lights on a winter night
All splendor and flame and fire,
Maple leaves sing pure harmony
To autumn's golden stringed lyre.

FULFILLMENT

THOU art mine, beloved, thou art mine !

The trees are touched with fire, flame-gold,
The sky is scintillating light,
The air is effervescing wine,
'Tis heady autumn's rare delight,
And life no greater joy can hold. —

For thou art mine, beloved, art mine !

WINTER TRAILS

WHEN THE WATERS FREEZE

SILENT nights with brilliant stars,
Pure and cold and white,
Radiant days of golden sun,
Blue, with heavenly light.

Open waters hung with mists,
Opal, silver, gold,
Glisten, like fair maidens' veils,
In Iran's streets, of old.

Weaving, shimmering — hiding
Snow clad hills and dales,
Like the gleam of sparkling eyes
Under gossamer veils.

UNDER THE PINES AND THE STARS

My world is wrapped in slumber,
Sweet wood fires are burning low;
The winter night is a-glitter
With stars and untrodden snow.

Ancient gray rocks on the lake shore,
Frozen white waves of the bay,
Eternal hills in the distance,
Towering black pines that sway.

The peace and glory of heaven,
Life's triumph and mystery,
Seem near in the shimmering darkness
And silent night ecstasy.

Silence, deep — wondrous deep silence
Under the pines and the stars, —
Solitude blessèd, I thank thee,
Thou healest life's cruelest scars!

STORM AND FIRELIGHT

THE fires of sunset are flaming red,
These radiant winter days;
Dusk comes softly and night falls swift,
Like a curtain of memories.

And with the dusk comes a storm of wind,
Deep — with a steady roar,
That moans and howls through oaks and pines,
Like the guns of tragic war.

I love to be out in the night and wind
Where big trees meet the sky,
With glittering stars midst scudding clouds,
And the lake with waves mountain high.

The wind strikes great chords of passion and
joy,
In the wild tossing crowns of the trees;
It sounds like an organ with all the stops out,
Played by God with the storm harmonies.

But the lamp-lit study windows call,
And when I come in from the night,

A cheering driftwood fire burns,
With myriad sparks alight.

They speak to me of many things;
For all life is flame and fire, —
Birth is the glowing, burning log,
And death, its ashen pyre.

The fire of love and passion and hate,
Of persecution and shame,
Of enthusiasm and sacrifice;
Patriotism and purity's flame.

Outside the great storm is raging black, —
But over loved familiar things
And the dying fire's afterglow,
White peace spreads her brooding wings.

WINTER DUSK IN THE MARSH

BLUE ice roads
With snowdrifts high,
Ghostly birch,
And wintry sky.

Willows brown
On distant shore,
Sunset glow
On hill and moor.

Muskrat house
In marshy reeds,
Where in spring
The wild duck breeds.

Sleigh bells ring
Where water flows,
And lily pad
In summer grows.

MY GARDEN IN FEBRUARY

SNOWDRIFTS glow and shine,
Where my flowers sleep;
Sentinel black pine
Lonely vigil keep.

O'er the frozen bay,
Wheeling far and high,
Only sea gulls gray,
In a leaden sky!

THE FROST STORM

Ah — you, who dwell in crowds
And everlasting strife,
Have you ever watched the clouds
Or green things come to life?

Have you ever watched the play
Of wind and wave and sun?
Have you ever dwelt alone
When love and faith seemed gone?

One winter night, the wind
Brought snow and bitter cold;
Yet morning broke in calm,
With skies of blue and gold.

And lo, with coming day,
What wealth of glittering snow;
A scene of fairy radiance
With everything aglow!

With a myriad diamond crystals
On every conifer tree,
Wild beauty's blinding splendor
Alight with mystery.

God's pure-white silent world
Hath brought faith back to me —
Glad to have loved and lost —
That's what life is meant to be!

MID WINTER NIGHT, IRIDESCENT

THE world is blue lustre
Shadowed with mist,
The moon is pale silver
Dreaming, cloud kissed.

Streamers of northern light
Flame in the sky,
Glittering stars are like
Flowers on high.

Silence broods wondrous sweet,
Dripping with light,
And with Æolian harps
Winds greet the night.

LOVE SONGS

“LOVE IS STRONG AS DEATH”

Is it wrong for the leaf
To turn to the sun?
Is it wrong for the bird
To sing, when day's done?

Is it wrong for the rain
To gladden the earth?
Is it wrong for the spring
To have its rebirth?

Is it wrong when we feel
No price is too great,
No forgiveness too hard,
God, before 'tis too late!

Is it wrong for the sun
To shine in the sky?
Is it wrong then to love,
When love's stronger than I?

ALONE

THE bitter wind is moaning,
And the sky is gray and leaden;
And my heart is heavy, heavy,
Dear, my dear.

All my soul is longing for you,
And I know you've hungered for me;
You have left me lonely, lonely,
Dear, my dear.

For you have not come back to me,
And to-night the wind is moaning,
And the snow is ever falling,
Dear, my dear.

LONGING

I THINK of him by day,
I dream of him by night;
My dear, who is so far away,
My love, who brought the light.

It seems as if another self
Had come to life in me;
A self that I have never known,
A thing of mystery.

TOGETHER

It was a day of storm, dear heart,
That brought us two together;
It was a day for love, dear heart,
For love and passion.

How dear and sweet and still it was —
Black storm without, white peace within,
And we away from all the world,
Alone — together.

How often in the night, dear heart,
Have I knelt down and prayed,
And thought of you and longed for you —
Your smile, your kiss. —

Life was a dreary waste before
Fate willed that we should meet.
Ah, love me, let me love you —
Loving is so sweet!

WAITING

THERE is April rain
From a dreary sky;
All the world seems hushed
And waiting as I.

Help me, dear God,
Through the tragic night,
And one more dead day,
Till his coming brings light!

ECSTASY

THOU hast come, beloved,
Thou hast need of me,
Ah, hold me, hold me
Tenderly.

There is peace, beloved,
In thy blessed brown eyes,
Deep wells, wherein
My heaven lies.

I am thine, beloved,
My kiss — Thou know'st,
The joy we share —
Life's uttermost!

MY LOVE IS LIKE A CAGÈD BIRD

My love is like a cagèd bird
With beating wings,
That ever sings
A song for me —
Free, free, free —
A heartbreak song
Long, long, long!

My heart is like the cagèd bird
With leaden wing,
Remembering
Life's ecstasy —
Free, free, free —
A tragic song
Long, long, long!

O cagèd bird,
I'll let thee fly,
To sing on high —
Free, free, free —
Sweet liberty,
A joyous song
Long, long, long!

Oh, that my soul
Could heal its wings
Of passion's stings —
Sweet peace divine,
Forever mine,
A blessèd song,
Long, long, long!

THOU ART THE SUNSET GOLD

THOU art the sunset gold
After April rain,
Thou art the healing spring
After winter's pain.

Thou art the waters' song
After silent days,
Thou art the touch of kin
After lonely ways.

Thou art the grateful show'r
After summer drought,
Thou art the light, the fire
Of my inmost thought.

Thine be all the beauty,
All life's deepest joy,
Thine the flame, the passion
Death cannot destroy!

LEGENDS OF LIFE

QUATRAINS

CONSOLATION

OUT of the fire of passionate pain,
Naught but the ashes of peace remain,
Peace that is love, forgiveness and rest.
Passion of pain — even thou art blessed!

UNAFRAID

THE vale of the shadow of death is mine,
I have won to its farther rim,
And life holds no fear forevermore,
E'en though hope, faith and love grow dim!

CONFESSION

LIKE the warming rays of the golden sun
To the spring budding leaf and flower,
Is the beat of thy heart, belovèd one,
In the memory of love's wondrous hour!

MY VALENTINE

I WISH I were a breath of wind
In the storm of thy desire;
I wish I were a tongue of flame
In thy heart of heart's gold fire!

TO THE DAYS THAT ARE GRAY

OH, don't you love a day in spring,
When everything is gray,
When hill and vale and wind and storm
Seem very far away.

When all the world seems wrapped in veils
Of lovely things to come,
When we poor mortals hope and dream
Of life and love and home.

When nature's hushed and resting seems
For miracles' rebirth,
When soon the great awakening comes
For everything on earth.

Oh, blessèd he, who meaning sees
In nature's every mood,
Nothing that life and grief can bring,
Can overshadow good!

SUNSET

I AM tired of war and strife,
I am tired of love and life,
Of struggle and hope and fear,
Of all my soul holds dear.

Ah, could I sink with the dying sun
Into the great unknown,
At the quiet end of a soft, gray day,
With fires of pain all burned away!

SUNRISE

OVER the oaks in my garden
The sky is luminous gray,
Robins are twittering gaily,
The wind sings a roundelay.

The earth is young and fair and sweet,
She's wrapped in glistening veils
Of mauve and rose and silver dew,
Like misty star dust trails.

Dusky night has folded her wings
That dawn may gladden the world,
God's radiant sun doth rise again
With banners of hope unfurled.

Banners that wave in the sunrise,
All blue and red and gold,
That waft to my inmost spirit
The song of life retold!

“THEY WILL NOT LEND ME A CHILD”*

AFRICAN PLAINT

IN the clearing, by the river,
Tropic night is velvet bound,
Laced with silver ribboned moonlight,
Jasmine scented, filled with sound.

Children's laughter, women's chatter
Greet the full moon's radiant light,
Hand in hand young lovers wander
In the passion throbbing night.

Where still shadows fall the deepest,
Mourns a lonely, yearning wife,
Rocking to and fro in anguish,
For her wasted, useless life.

She is young and pure and comely,
And the daughter of a chief,
But no child has come to bless her,
To the whole tribe's shame and grief.

He no longer loves me greatly,
And my breasts are undefiled,
I am barren, barren, barren, —
“They will not lend me a child.”

* From the Tribal Chants of the Baronga of Southeast Africa.

LEGEND OF THE MOTHER
UNCONSOLED*

ONCE there was a loving mother,
Mourning ever for her child;
All God's mercy unavailing,
Life meant tears, she never smiled.

One night just before the dawning,
When the world was dark and still,
Lo, she saw a strange procession
Winding down a distant hill.

Long, long rows of little children
Dragging slowly, sadly all,
Staggering under heavy burdens,
Pitchers great and pitchers small.

And behold, her own lost loved one
Drooping, burdened with her tears,
He must carry, carry always,
Through the long, long, weary years.

* Fragment of a German Legend.

PRAYER

Ah, if perhaps I blind shall be,
Before my life is done,
Dear God, my soul's sight let me keep,
Of trees and sky and sun.

My memories of wondrous light,
Of color, wind and rain,
Of apple blossom, bittersweet,
Of cardinal and crane.

Of snow white winter, gray green spring,
And magic stars and moon,
Of smoky, gorgeous autumn days,
Of hills and trail and dune!

AFTER THE PLAY

THE curtain falls on dead Isoult. —
And we fare on into the night
With heart afire and head awirl,
To meet the pulsing, seething sight

Of hurtling throngs and dazzling light,
Blazing, glittering, shifting, gay;
The very stars do glimmer faint,
So high, so far is heaven away.

Burnished cars like forkèd lightning
Flash — garish color, stifling smells,
Shrieking horns like souls in torment
Vie with harshly clamoring bells.

Flowering stars, shimmering clouds,
Whispering pines, I know, I know.
Ah, misty hills are far away,
Where spring is calling sweet and low!

HAPPINESS

THE clutch of baby fingers,
The thrill that music brings,
The memory that lingers
Of youth and passion's wings.

The joy of work at flood-tide,
The love of sun and wind,
The peace of fearless ebb-tide,
The faith that death is kind.

INVOCATION

POPPIES flaming in the glare of noon,
Winter sunset lurid through black pines,
Music throbbing from a viol's heart,
Love eternal for all beauty's joy —
Give me passion, give me life that burns !

FREEDOM

WHAT matter though my body be
Enclosed in prison walls;
My thoughts are mine,
God's love divine
From every hill top calls.
My spirit sings,
My soul hath wings,
And shall be free
For all eternity!

HOW CAN IT BE

THE brook is singing in its bed
Of spring and thee,
How can it be that thou art dead
And lost to me?

New maple buds are flaming red,
Beloved, dost see?
How can it be that thou art dead
To spring and me?

Thou greetest ever sun and rain
So joyously.
Ah, thou wilt never sing again. —
How can that be?

Thou liest on thy rose-wreathed bed
So still and free,
How can it be that thou art dead
And lost to me?

WAR

HUSH, beloved one,
Mother guards thy sleep,
Clouds float o'er the sun,
Make gray shadows creep.

Whisp'ring, little winds
Cooling, drifting slow,
Through the somber pines
Swaying to and fro.

Under somber skies,
In a forest deep,
Son, thy father lies
For his last, long sleep.

Hush, beloved one,
Mother guards thy sleep,
Now he knows, sweet son. —
God his spirit keep!

SONNETS

TWILIGHT

O DIM, strange hour, in chastened beauty veiled,
When glowing sunset gold far hills has rimmed,
And garish day's bright light in shadow paled,
Fair trees and clouds with misty silver limned.
Now softly calls the song bird to his mate,
And rose and heliotrope are poignant sweet.
Old memories crowd and happ'nings passion-
ate —

There heart to heart and soul to soul doth greet.
Let us forget what never should have been —
Thou'rt mine, beloved, for this one twilight
hour.

Love was so dear, eternity and sin
So endless long, so seething, formless, dour —
All soul alone, my gloaming thought tryst keep,
I wait thy coming, O sweet dark and sleep!

“AND THERE WAS LIGHT”

THOU that banishest dusky shades of night,
Thou that givest us color, form, sweet life,
Hail to thee, heav'n sent healer of dark strife!
Wisdom crowns thee and joyous freedom's
 might;

For all things beautiful and true and fair
Thou bringest us with hands munificent.
Thine is the glory of the firmament,
The shimm'ring rainbow is thy fabric rare,
Thine is the golden green of spring and sun,
Towards thee all growing leaves and flowers
 throng,

To thee the lark sings her triumphant song,
Through thee, eternal hope of peace is won. —
Great, wondrous giver of all life and right,
God's messenger art thou, O blessèd light!

VICTORY

To struggle smilingly with adverse fate,
And face temptation with the will to scorn,
Divine forgiveness find for insults borne,
A world of love to make return for hate.
To know the wise and unregenerate,
And seek alike the rich man and forlorn,
Thy banner of ideal truth untorn;
And banish fear to deep inferno's gate. —
To make a fetich nor of grief nor joy,
To work as if the voice of work were all,
Yet hearken ever to hope's proud release,
And nature's wonder song without alloy;
But heed not praise nor passion's heady call. —
Life's victory be thine, triumphant peace!

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